ASHTABULA WEEKLY TELEGRAPH.

BY JAMES REED. Independent in all things. $1 50 IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME X. NO. XXXVIII. ASHTABULA, O., SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 17, 1859. WHOLE NUMBER 508.

St. Peter's Church, Ashtabula.

TIMES OF DIVINE SERVICE, &c., DURING NEXT WEEK

Sunday, being 13TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. Morning Service at 10½ A. M. Evening Service at 2 P M.

Wednesday, being the FEAST OF S. MATTHEW. Morning Service at 9 A M.

Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday, of this week, are the AUTUMNAL EMBER-DAYS.

JAMES BONNAR, B. D., Rector.

Ashtabula P. O.--Closing of Mails.

POST OFFICE NOTICE.—The Mail going East will close at 11 o'clock, A M, going West 8 A M Southern Mail closes at 12 M., and the mail to Jefferson at 5 P M. Kelloggsville mail via Plymouth, Fridays, at 6 30, A. M. Office open daily from 7 A. M. to 8 P. M. on week days, and on Sundays, from 12 M. to 1 P. M. until further notice.

Ashtabula, April 4th, 1859. E. C. ROOT, P. M.

On and after Monday, June 13, '59.

CLEVELAND & ERIE RAIL ROAD.

Leaving Ashtabula--Going East.

Day Freight .... leaves at	1.12 P M
Mail .... "	12.01 P M
Cincinnati Express .... "	5.17 P M
Stock Express .... "	12.45 A M
Night Express .... "	11.32 P M

Mail train will stop at all stations except Wickliffe, Mentor Perry, Unionville, and Saybrook.

Cincinnati Express will stop at Painesville, Madison, Ashtabula, Conneaut and Girard only.

Night Express will stop at Painesville, Ashtabula and Girard only.

Stock Express will stop to leave passengers at Euclid, Wickliffe, Willoughby, Mentor, Perry, Madison, Unionville, Geneva, Saybrook and Kingsville.

Day Freight Train, EAST and WEST, will have Passenger Car attached, and will stop at all Stations.

Leaving Ashtabula--Going West.

Night Express .... leaves at	1.46 A M
Day Freight .... "	10.25 A M
Mail .... "	8.58 A M
Day Express .... "	3.17 P M
Express Freight & Emigrant ... "	11.46 P M

MAIL train will stop at all Stations except Swanville, Saybrook, Unionville, Perry, Mentor and Wickliffe; will stop on signal to take passengers for *Cleveland only*, at Saybrook, Unionville, Perry, Mentor, and Wickliffe.

Day Express West will stop at Girard, Conneaut, Ashtabula, and Painesville only.

Night Express will stop at Girard, Conneaut, Ashtabula and Painesville only.

Express Freight and Emigrant will stop to leave passengers at Swanville, Fairview, Girard, Springfield, Conneaut and Kingsville. A. C. HUBBARD, Station Agent.

CLEVELAND, June, 1859.

Thoughts while Rocking the Cradle.

"What is the little one thinking about ?
Nery wonderful things, no doubt,
Unwritten history !
Unfathomable mystery !
But he laughs and crys, eats and drinks,
And chuckles and crows, and nods and winks,
As if his head was full of kinks,
Warped by cholic and wet by tears,
Punctured by pins, a tortured by fears,
Our little nephew will lose two years :
And he'll never know
Where the summers go :
He need not laugh, for he'll find it so !

Who can tell me what the baby thinks ?
Who can follow the gossamar links
By which the mannikin feels his way
Out from the shores of the great unknown,
Blind, and wailing and alone,
Into the light of day ?
Gut from the shores of the unknown sea,
Tossing in pitiful agony !
Of the unknown sea that reels and rolls,
Specked with barks of little souls—
Barks that are launched on the other side,
And slipped from heaven on an ebbing tide !
And what does he think of his mother's eyes

What does he think of his mother's hair ?
What of the cradle roof that flies
Forward and backward through the air ?
What does he think of his mother's breast,
Bare and beautiful, smooth and white,
Seeking it euer with fresh delight—
Cup of joy and couch of his rest !
What does he think of her quick embrace ;
Presses his hand and buries his face
Deep where the heart-throbs sink and swell
With a tenderness she cannot tell,
Though she murmurs the words
Of all the birds—

Words she has learnt to murmur well !
Now he thinks he'll go to sleep !
I can see the shadow creep
Over his eyes, in soft eclipse,
Over his brow and over his lips,
Out to his little finger tips,
Softly sinking, down he goes !
Down he goes ! down he goes !
[Rising and carefully retreating to her seat,]
See ! he is hushed in sweet repose !"

From the Springfield Republican.

Preachings upon Popular Proverbs.

BY TIMOTHY TITCOMB.—NUMBER TWENTY-SEVEN.

"Consider well and oft why thou camest into the world, and how soon thou must go out of it."

"Careless men let their end steal upon them unawares and unprovided."

"Our birth made us mortal ; our death will make us immortal."

"He that fears not the future may enjoy the present."

Why was I—why was you—called forth from nothingness into a world of danger and pain, and sin and death ? That is a question that has blistered the lips of a million of wretches, and we who are happier, though still the subjects of evil, may well ask it, and consider it.

The earth has been the subject of two grand experiments, and in the results of these, we are to find the answer, if anywhere. Six thousand years ago two persons—a man and a woman—were born in the world, and awoke to the consciousness of existence. They were so pure and so good that they were open to free intercourse with God and spiritual intelligences. Their tent was the blue sky, the floor of their dwelling was carpeted with Eden's grass and flowers, and fruits, heaven provided hung on every hand. They knew no danger, they felt no pain, they were free from guilt, and had no fear of death. They were adapted to drink in happiness from the things around them, and the things around them were adapted to supply their desires. A pair of perfect bodies, a pair of pure spirits, they found themselves in what seemed to be, and was to them, a perfect world. They were made in the image of God, and were therefore free. This freedom was essential to their perfection, their dignity, and that development to which their maker looked as the crowning excellence and glory of those whom He would call his children.

But there could be no such thing as right without its opposite—wrong ; and no good without its opposite—evil. They were free, and could obey the laws placed upon them, and thus perpetuate their happy estate, or they could do wrong, and blast it. They yielded to the first temptation to do wrong, and found themselves and the world transformed. The first experiment contemplated the development of humanity into its highest and noblest quality without the ministry of evil. It was a failure, and God, who instituted the experiment that we might answer the great question we are considering, knew it would be It was brief, terrible and decisive. The parents and representatives of the race were driven out of the garden, and they and all their posterity have been subjected to a new experiment --a better and a safer one. It was better that Adam and Eve should fall then and there, than a thousand years afterward.—The experiment was tried under the most favorable circumstances, and did not succeed. That was enough for the world.—There had been experiments before—how many we know not—but we know that there were great beings who had failed to keep their first estate, and had done immeasurable mischief in the spritual universe. The Bible tells of this.

The new experiment—that of which all of us are the subjects—contemplates the introduction of the race into its highest estate through the vestibule of evil. We are to take evil at this end, and not at the othe. We are to become familiar with sin and its effects, to overpower temptation, to become "perfect through suffering." We are to win strength by struggle, and to have our love of that which is good developed side by side with our hatred of that which is bad. Our spiritual natures are to be knit into firmness by toil, to be hardened into power by conflict, to be softened into humility by the experience of their weakness, to be rendered tractable by affliction, and thus fitted for a safe eternity. What do you say of this experiment ? Is not a grand one ? Is it not a benevolent one ? Tell me not one of the millions who fail of this ! I leave them in the hands of that benevolence that has devised such great things for you and for me. That this is the exact motive of the experiment now in progress in this world, I have no doubt ; and I do not believe, considering the length of time it has persevered in, and the nature of the agencies that have been introduced, that it will prove to be a failure. If I did, I should lose all faith in God. I believe that the world, as it is—considering the nature and duration of our existence and the nature of ourselves and the service and society for which we are designed—is the best and safest world we could be placed in. There I leave it.

Well, is this existence, which I have entered upon by no act of my own, on the whole a blessing ? Do you feel it to be so to you, or not ? How would you like to be annihilated—to be wiped out as a conscious existence, and plunged into the dark nothingness from whence you came ? You shrink from the thought, and so do I.—Why ? Because, and only because, we believe, with all healthy souls, that existence is a blessing. We love life, here and now, in this world of sickness, sorrow and death. If, then, existence be a blessing, little or large, to us, and we were born into a world of suffering and of sin for the purpose of fitting us to live safely and securely through all the coming ages of our existence, certainly it becomes us to take it contentedly, to front our destiny boldly and trustfully, and see what we can make of it. We are to consider not only why we came into existence in such a world as this, but how soon we must go out of it, and how brief, at longest, the period of this momentous experiment will be.

If this world be not a place for education of some sort, it has little meaning.—The idea that a man should be placed in the circumstances that surround us, and subjected to this great experiment without reference to another existence—that he should die as soon as he as learned to live —is simply absurd. Admitting, then, that we are the subjects of education, how does it become us to see that the end of its period do not steal upon us unawares and unprovided. How does it become us, as rational men and women, to make the most of our life, and to see that in our case, at least, the experiment be successful. The man who receives life as a blessing, to be cherished and loved, and enjoyed and persevered, is a coward if he be afraid to consider its intention and its end, and a guilty spendthrift if he let it passed by, month after month and year after year, without securing the education it was meant to secure.

This wise providence of time and opporunity becomes the more desirable when it is remembered that it is only when we are fearless of the future that we may enjoy the present. The lamb doomed to slaughter on the morrow gambols, and rejoices in freedom to-day, because it is fearless of the future. The birds sings, the insect hums with the joy that is in it, the kitten frisks upon the carpet, not because they are not subjects to pain and death, but because, knowing nothing of them, they have no fear of them. A fearlessness of the future identical with this cannot be ours, and the fact is proof of our higher destiny, but a fearlessness of the future which will render our life happier than theirs may be acquired, by preparation to meet the future.—Life is only an estimable blessing to him who, prepared to meet the future, and who comprehending his position and the meaning of it, is not afraid of the future.

The shadowy future—ah ! how many shudder when they think of it ! How many shrink from even the thought of it ! How it poisons every present delight, and embitters every pleasure, and haunts every hour of hollow mirth ! I declare this to be utterly unnecessary—even inexcusable. We are content to live here in this world of sorrow and pain, and shrink from a world in which it shall be done away with if we are only manly enough to get ready for it ! Accepting our life as an experiment—a period of education—entering into the plan by which we are to be fitted for everlasting happiness and safety, and subjecting ourselves to the necessary discipline—we lift the great shadow from us ; the phantom of the future retires, and calm in our trust, we live in the present a life of enjoyment. No man can enjoy life in its full, blessed measure until this tormenting fear be cast out ; and it can never be cast out by a rational man until the future looks safe to him.—The moment the future is taken care of, present trials seem small, and present joys are lifted to our lips, their divine aroma unalloyed.

The tendency of religious instruction and of philosophical speculation has been to mystify us all upon this problem of evil in the world. Our preachers have talked solemnly upon the subject of "reconciling" the existence of evil with the infinite love and goodness of God, as if the belief in this goodness and the recognition of this evil in the ordained system of things, were to be regarded separately, with an unbridged gulf of darkness between them. Threading that darkness, fathoms below sight, there is supposed to be a chain of golden links, holding one to the other, to be apprehended only by an irrational faith. Such teaching and such speculation are full of miserable infidelity. *I, for one*, believe in the infinite love and goodness of God. I plant myself on them, and I believe that I could not be shaken from my foothold without the wish that I might plunge into annihilation. On this firm rock I take my stand, and, without seeking to reconcile the evil which enters into my experience and comes within observation, with God's love and goodness, I seek rationally to account for the evil as an appointed means of the infinite love and goodness. I know God is good, or He is no God ; and I believe, as a natural consequence, that I am to be raised into assimilation with the specific quality of His goodness by rational knowledge of, and experimental acquaintance with, evil. I call that infidelity, and not faith, which makes of the existence of evil a blind mystery, to be mournfully accepted, and sacredly kept from the hand and eye of reason. It makes no difference what events and what destinies hinge upon the existence of evil here ; it matters nothing what sufferings, what woes, what sorrows assail us ; the moment we swing loose, by the smallest remove, from perfect trust in the infinite love and goodness, and a belief in the benign ministry of evil as a department of their means, we loose our hold upon the meaning of our life.

Believing in God's goodness and His infinite and everlasting love, I believe in evil, as a part of the divinely appointed means by which my soul is to be educated and disciplined for its highest possible destiny—as a means rendered necessary by my nature and by my destiny. I believe that if now, in my soul's infancy, I make my acquaintance with evil, and grow up through it into my soul's manhood—leaving its relations to divine law and to my own personal, God-like freedom—that I shall be safe through the infinite ages that stretch before me. I shall not be like the angels who lost their first estate, and plunged, full fledged, from hights of heavenly power into an infamous perdition. God might as well have given me my infancy in heaven as here, if evil had no ministry of good for me. I might as well have been ushered at once into the spiritual life, as to have been the tenant of a death doomed body, if there had been nothing to be gained by probationary subjection to the power of evil.

So I take my life as I find it, as a life full of grand advantages that are linked indissolubly to my noblest happiness and my everlasting safety. I belive that infinite love ordained it, and that, if I bow willingly, tractably and gladly to its discipline, my Father will take care of it. I say nothing here of the Christian scheme because I choose to discuss this single question by itself.

Now, what I wish to say, is this ; that a man who decides that God is ifinitely good, that he was born into a world of evil because it was on the whole best for him to be born into such a world, that evil has a ministry for him essential in the nature of things to his highest destiny and his complete safety, and, with faith and confidence, accepts his lot and makes the most of it, has nothing to fear in the future, and nothing to hinder his enjoyment of the present. From such a man the incubus of a dark future is lifted. The future may be undefined and, perhaps, in some sense, awful, but it will not be terrible ; for infinite love will take care of it. The terror inspired by things to come thus taken out of the way, the ban on present happiness is removed, and soul and sense may drink in unreproved, whatever good that crowds to them for acceptance.

If we, finite creatures, incumbered with flesh, and harrassed by its appetites and gross proclivities, conquer the temptations that assail us, and find ourselves growing stronger and better as we grow older ; if, in this world of evil, and in a measure through its ministry, we become elevated and enobled, how safe and glorious must that future be which shall find us free from the appetites that chafe us, and released from all pain and sorrow ! Now, is it not worth something to make that future so secure that we can approach it with fearlessness ! Ah yes ! The life which is, no less than the life which is to come, is ours, if we will take it. With this lion in our way removed, how sweetly will taste the pleasures of life ! How precious will become loves that our hearts drink so greedily, and often so powerfully, when we know that we may drink them forever ! How charming will become the songs of birds, and how fragrant the perfume of flowers, to him who believes that he will only lose them to listen to angelic music, and breathe the breath of flowers that never decay !

Much of the mystrey that hangs over the world, as a world of evil, grows out of a misconception of the highest life. If the highest good of the short years that are allotted to us on the earth be happiness, then is the existence of evil indeed a mystery ; but it is not, and cannot be. Happiness is a legitimate object of life, and I am even now endeavoring to show how more of it may be secured ; but it is an object to be held subordinate to the education necessary for service in another realm, and the permanent enjoyment of another estate I believe that the truest happiness of the world is to be found in heartily accepting and entering into the scheme by which evil is made a powerful agency in the development and eternal security of the soul. Accepting this ministry, and trusting in the goodness—profound and eternal—in which it was conceived, what a flood of light and love is let in upon the soul! No! three is something better for us in this world than happiness, whatever there may be beyond. We will take happiness as the incident of this, gladly and gratefully. We will add a thousand fold to the happiness of the present in the fearlessness of the future which it brings, but we will not place happiness first, and thus cloud our heads with doubt and fill our hearts with discontent. In the blackest soils grow the richest flowers, and the loftiest and strongest trees are planted among the rocks.

The Reason Why?

When Sarah Jane, the moral Miss,
Declares 'tis very wrong to kiss—
I'll bet a shilling I see through it ;
The damsel, fairly understood,
Feels just as any Christian should—
She'd rather *suffer* wrong than *do* it !

Disappointment.

Oh, ever thus, *from* childhood's hour,
We've seen our fondest hopes decay ;
We never had a dog nor cow, nor
Hen that laid an egg a day,
But what 'twas marked and *tuck* away.

We never raised a sucking pig,
To glad us with its sunny eye,
But when it growed up fat and big,
And fit to roast, or *bile* or fry,
We could'nt find it in the sty.

GREELEY'S LETTERS--XXII.

AN OVERLAND JOURNEY.

SALT LAKE AND ITS ENVIRONS.

SALT LAKE CITY, July 18, 1859.

A party of us visited the Lake on Saturday. It is not visible from this city, tho' it must be from the mountains which rise directly north of it, and more remotely on all sides ; but Antelope, Stansbury, and perhaps other islands in the Lake, being mainly covered by high, rugged hills or mountains, are in plain sight from every part of the Valley. The best of these islands is possessed by "the Church" (Mormon) as a herd ground or *rasche* for its numerous cattle, and is probably the best tract for that purpose in the whole Territory. That portion of the Lake between it and the Valley is so shallow that cattle may at most seasons be safely driven over to the island, while it is so deep (between three and four feet) that none will stray back again, and it would be difficult and dangerous to steal cattle thence in the night, when that business is mainly carried on. So the Church has a large and capital pasture, and her cattle multiply and wax fat at theleast possible expense. The best canon for wood near this city is likewise owned by "the Church"—*how* owned I can't pretend to say—but whoever draws wood from it must deposit every third load in the Church's capacious yard. These are but specimens of the management whereby, tho' the Saints are generally poor—often quite poor, so that a Saint who has three wives can sometimes hardly afford to keep two beds—yet "the Church" has a comfortable allowonce of treasures laid up on earth.—And her leading Apostles and dignitaries also, by a curious coincidence, seem to be in thriving circumstances. It looks to me as though neither they nor the Church could afford to have the world burned up for a while yet.

Crossing, just west of the city, the Jordan (which drains the fresh waters of Lake Utah into Salt Lake, and is a large, sluggish creek), we are at once out of the reach of irrigation from the northern hills —the river intercepting all streams from that quarter—and are once more on a parched clay plain covered mainly with our old acquaintances, Sagebush and Greasewood; though there are wet, springy tracts, especially toward the southern mountains and near the Lake, which produce rank, coarse grass. Yet this seeming desert has naturally a better soil than the hard, pebbly gravel on which the city stands, and which irrigation has converted into bounteous gardens and orchards. I rejoice to perceive that a dam over the Jordan is in progress, whereby a considerable section of the valley of that river (40 miles long by an average of 20 broad) is to be irrigated. There are serious obstacles to the full success of this enterprize in the inequality of the plain, which is gouged and cut up by numerous (now dry) water-courses; but, if this project is well engineered, it will double the productive capacity of this valley, and I earnestly trust it may be. In the absence of judicious and systematic irrigation, there are far too many cattle and sheep on this great common, as the gaunt look of most of the cattle abundantly testifies. Water also is scarce and bad here; we tried several of the springs which are found at the bases of the southern mountains, and found them all brackish, while not a single stream flows from those mountains in the five or six miles that we skirted them, and I am told that they afford but one or two scanty rivulets through the whole extent of this valley. In the absence of irrigation, nothing is grown or attempted but wild grass; of the half-dozen cabins we have passed between the Jordan and Lake, not one had even the semblance of a garden or of any cultivation whatever. A shrewd woman who had lived seven years near the Lake assured me that it would do no good to attempt cultivation there; "too much alkali" was her reason. I learn that, on the city side of the Jordan, when irrigation was first introduced and cultivation attempted, the soil, whenever allowed to become dry, was covered, for the first year or two, with some whitish alkaline substance or compound; but this was soon washed out and washed off by the water, so that no alkali now exhibits itself, and this tract produces handsomely. Let the Jordan be so damed and its water conducted into lateral canals that its whole valley may be amply irrigated, and there are few tracts of like area that will produce more generously, albeit a majority of its acres now seem as sterile and hopeless as the great American Desert.

That this Lake should be salt; is no anomaly, All large bodies of water into which streams discharge themselves, while they have severally no outlet, are or should be salt. If one such is fresh that is an anomaly indeed. Lake Utah probably receives as much saline matter as Salt Lake; but she discharges it through the Jordan and remains herself fresh; while Salt Lake, having no issue save by evaporation, is probably the saltest body of water on earth. The ocean is comparatively fresh; even the Mediterranean at Leghorn is not half so salt. I am told that three barrels of this water yield a barrel of salt ; that seems rather strong, yet its intense saltness, no one who has not had it in his eyes, his mouth, his nostrils, can realize. You can no more sink in it than in a clay-bank, but a very little of it in your lungs would suffice to strangle you. You make your way in from a hot, rocky beach over a chaos of volcanic basalt that is trying to the feet; but at a depth of a yard or more you have a fine sand bottom, and here the bathing is delightful.

The water is of a light green color for ten or twenty rods; then "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue." No fish can live in it ; no frog abides it; few birds are ever seen dipping into it. The rugged mountains in and about it—just such scarped and seamed and gullied precipices as I have been describing ever since I reached Denver—have a little Fir and Cottonwood or Quaking Asp in their deeper ravines or behind their taller cliffs, but look bare and desolate to the casual observer ; and these cut the Lake into sections and hide most of it from view. Probably, less than a third of it is visible from any single point. But this suffices.

LIFE IN UTAH.

These Mormons are in the main an industrious, frugal, hard-working people. Few of them are habitual idlers; few live by professions or pursuits that require no physical exertion. They make work for but few lawyers—I know but four among them—their differences and disputes are usually settled in and by the Church; they have no female outcasts, few doctors, and pay no salaries to their preachers—at least, the leaders say so. But a small portion of them use Tea and Coffee. Formerly they drank little or no Liquor; but, since the Army come in last year, money and whisky have both been more abundant, and now they drink considerably. More than a thousand barrels of whisky have been sold in this city within the last year, at an average of not less than $8 per gallon, making the total cost to consumers over $250,000 whereof the Mormons have paid at least half.—If they had thrown instead, $150,000 in hard cash into the deepest part of Salt Lake, it would have been far better for them. The appetite they are acquiring or renewing will cling to them after the Army and its influx of cash shall have departed ; and Saints who now drink a little will find themselves as thirsty as their Valley, before they suspect that they care anything for liquor. As yet, I believe, they have few or no drunkards; but there is nothing more deceitful than the appetite for liquor. As yet, Utah has not a single export of any kind; the Army supplies her with cash; when that is gone, her people will see harder times. She ought to manufacture almost everything she consumes, or foreign debt will overwhelm her Yet, up to this hour, her manufacturing energies have been most unhappily directed. Some $200,000 was expended in preparations for Iron-making at a place called Ceder City; but the ore, though rich, would not flux, and the enterprise had to be totally abandoned, leaving the capital a dead loss. Wool and Flax can be grown here cheaply and abundantly; yet, owing to the troubles last year no spinning and weaving machinery has yet been put in operation; I believe some is now coming up from St. Louis. An attempt to grow Cotton is likely to prove a failure, as might have been predicted. The Winters are long and cold here for the latitude, and the Saints must make cloth or shiver. I trust they will soon be able to clothe themselves.

Sugar is another necessary of life which they have had bad luck with. They can grow the Beet very well, but it is said to yield little or no sugar—because, it is supposed, of an excess of alkali in the soil.—The Sorghum has not yet been turned to much account, but it is to be. Common Brown Sugar sells here at 60c. per pound ; coffee about the same; in the newer settlements, they are of course still higher. All sorts of imported goods cost twice to six or eight times their prices in the States; even Quck Medicines (so called) and yellow-covered Novels are sold at double the prices borne on their labels or covers. Consider that the people came hither over a thousand miles mainly of desert after reaching the Missouri, which was many hundreds if not thousands of miles from their former homes—that they generally reached these valleys in the Fall, which afforded them excellent chances of starvation before they could raise a crop—that they have been constantly infested and begged or stolen from by the Indians whose game they killed or scared away, and who feel that they have a right to live here so long as there are cattle or crops to live on—that these valleys are lofty, narrow, and parched by intense drouth from May to November—that implements and seeds are scarcely to be obtained short of a three month's journey, and then at an enormous cost—that they have had one year of virtual and costly hostilities with the Federal Government, in which very little could be done, and improvement was out of the question—and I am amazed that so much has been well done here in the way of building, tilting, fencing, planting trees, &c. Of course this city is far ahead of any rival, being the spiritual metropolis and the earliest settled; but I am assured that the valley of Utah Lake is better cultivated than this, though Provo, its county seat, is far behind this city, which, with its broad, regular streets, refreshed by rivulets of bright, sparkling, dancing water, and shaded by rows of young but thrifty trees, mainly Locust and Bitter Cottonwood, is already more attractive to the eye than an average city of like size in the States. The houses (of adobe or merely sun-dried brick) are uniformly low and generally too small; but there is seldom more than one family to a dwelling, and rarely but one dwelling on a lot of an acre and a quarter. The gardens are well filled with Peach, Apple and other fruit trees, whereof the Peach already bears profusely, and the others begin to follow the example. Apricots and Grapes are grown, though not yet abundant; so of Strawberries. Plums are in profusion, & the Mountain Currants are large, abundant and very good. Many of the lots are fenced with cobble-stones laid in clay mortar, which seems to stand very well. That of Brigham Young's garden and grounds is nine or ten feet high, three feet thick at the base, and cost some $60 per rod. Undoubtedly this people are steadily increasing in wealth and comfort.

Still, the average life in Utah is a hard one. Many more days' faithful labor are required to support a family here than in Kansas, or any of the States. The climate is severe and capricious—now intensely hot and dry; in Winter cold and stormy; and though cattle are usually allowed to shirk for themselves in the valleys, they are apt to resent the insult by dying. Crickets and grasshoppers swarm in myriads, and often devour all before them. Wood is scare and poor. Irrigation is laborious and expensive; as yet, it has not been found practicable to irrigate one-fourth of the arable land at all. Ultimately, the valleys will be generally irrigated; but this will require very costly dams and canals. Frost is very destructive here; Indian Corn rarely escapes it wholly, and wheat often suffers from it. Wheat, Oats, Corn, Barley, Rye, are grown at about equal cost per bushel—$2 may be taken as their average price; Wheat is usually heavy, though this year it threatens to be relatively light. I estimate that one hundred and fifty days' faithful labor in Kansas will produce as large an aggregate of the necessaries of life—Food, Clothing, Fuel—as three hundred just such days' work in Utah. Hence, the adults here generally wear a toil-worn, anxious look, and many of them are older in frame than in years. I ardently hope it may not always be thus.

POLYGAMY.

I do not believe the plural-wife system can long endure; yet almost every man with whom I converse on the subject seems intensely, fanatically devoted to it, deeming this the choicest of his earthly blessings. With the women, I am confident it is otherwise; and I watched their faces as Elder Taylor, at a social gathering on Saturday night, was expatiating humorously on this feature of the Mormon system, to the great delight of the men; but not one responsive smile did I see on the face of a woman. On the contrary, I thought they seemed generally to wish the subject had been passed over in silence. Fanaticism, and a belief that we are God's especial, exclusive favorites, will carry most of us a great way; but the natural instinct in every woman's breast must teach her that to be some man's third or fourth wife is to be no wife at all. I asked my next neighbor the name of a fair, young girl who sat some distance from us with a babe on her knee. "That is *one* of Judge Smith's ladies," was his quiet, matter of course answer. Of course, no woman spoke publicly—I believe none ever speaks in a Mormon assemblage —and I shall not ask any one her private opinion of Polygamy; but I think I can read an unfavorable one on many faces.

Yet Polygamy is one main pillar of the Mormon Church. He who has two or more wives rarely apostatizes, as he could hardly remain here in safety and comfort as an apostate and dare not take his wives elsewhere. I have heard of but a single instance in which a man with three wives renounced Mormonism and left for California, where he experienced no difficulty; "for" said my informant (a woman) "he introduced his two younger wives "[girls of 19 and 14] as his daughters, and married them both off in the course of six weeks."

I am assured by Gentiles that there is a large business done here in unmarrying as well as marrying; some of them assure me that the Church exacts a fee of $10 on the marriage of each wife after the first, but charges a still heavier fee for divorcing. I do not know that this is true, and I suspect my informants were no wiser in the premises than I am. But it certainly looks to me as though a rich dignitary in the Church has a freer and fuller range for the selection of his sixth or eighth wife than a poor young man of ordinary standing has for choosing his first. And I infer that the more sharp sighted young men will not always be content with this.

Since the foregoing was written, I have enjoyed opportunites for visiting Mormons, and studying Mormonism, in the homes of its votaries, and of discussing with them what the outside world regards as its distinguishing feature, in the freedom of friendly social intercourse. In one instance, a veteran apostle of the faith, having first introduced to me a worthy matron of fifty-five or sixty—the wife of his youth,

Concluded on the 4th Page.